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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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PROPERTY  
PRICE TEN CENTS.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

"What fools these mortals be!"

# Puck

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"WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?" SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY.



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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

SECRETARY TAFT got a cordial reception at Milwaukee. He was entitled to one. He has the Milwaukee shape.

IN CARRYING a gun in his back pocket, President Roosevelt is merely prudent. A man who uses the expression "deliberate and unqualified falsifier" may have sudden need of a gun.

THE W. C. T. U., which is warring against fiction characters who drink or smoke, is respectfully reminded that free libraries are attached to many of the army posts. Is reform to stop with the abolition of the Canteen?

A GREAT DEAL of inexpensive entertainment may be had by wandering through a large grocery and examining the new labels, or additions to old labels, which the pure food law has compelled. For example, a big, staring label announces "Pure New Orleans Molasses." In letters barely perceptible to the naked eye have been added: "Compound of New Orleans Molasses, Porto Rico Molasses and Sugar Syrup" (another name for glucose.)

"I CAN THINK of no more despicable person on earth than a gabby little lawyer." — Justice W. J. Gaynor.

With the possible exception of a surly, domineering judge.

OF COURSE if Theodore carries a gun, Jake also totes one.

MAN, STATES a soulful person, can live without meat, but he cannot live without poetry. True. And the price of poetry hasn't gone up, either.

QUIT YOUR LAUGHING! Mr. Knox has a perfect right to run for President if he wishes to.

"THE PRESIDENT," says Jack London, "is evidently a careless reader of my stories." Too bad. But then, there are people who haven't read them at all.

"OUR KAISER, as is well known, has a large circle of confidants, whom he consults, as well as his Ministers, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that he is influenced by them." — *A Berlin Semi-Official*.

The resemblance between Them is striking.

WE HAVE not seen the advance sheets of Henry James' new novel, "The Prevaricator," so we cannot say whether the hero is a railroad President, a United States Senator, a diplomat, or a nature faker.

"WHAT CHARMING fantasies are found in the ferns!" hymns Clinton Scollard, incorrigible poet. Right you are, Mr. Scollard. Provided that your wife does not make you bring home a load of ferns from the woods and dig holes around the house in which to plant 'em. Under such circumstances there are more charming fantasies to be found in flounders, when they're biting.

PERHAPS THE commonest reckless motor speeder is the rich man's son with more money than brains and more booze aboard than gasoline.

THE SECRETARY of a Newark union of cigar-makers says that men do not smoke as much in cold weather as in warm; an interesting contribution to sociological lore. What is the explanation of this curious effect of the temperature on the consumption of tobacco? — *The Sun*.

Simple. After a man drinks a rickey he feels a desire to smoke. After a cigar a man feels like taking a drink. Men drink more in summer than in winter.



THE KNOX BOOM.

IT HAS ABOUT AS MUCH CHANCE AS A SNOW BALL IN —





THE YOUNG 'UN.—Pardon, me, sir; but do you know where Whoopem's Bargain Bazaar is located in this neighborhood?  
THE OLD 'UN.—No, sir.



THE YOUNG 'UN.—Ah, I thought not! You will be glad to learn, then, that our unparalleled establishment is on the next block. Have a card, sir.

#### THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING.

#### BOK.

The Pope has directed that the honorary degree of L.L.D. be conferred upon Edward Bok of Philadelphia for "signal services in journalism and moral ethics," at the College of Villanova.—*Rome Cable.*



DEAR HEAVEN! it is time this worthy man  
Was honored in a signal sort of way.  
Where will you find, pray, an American  
Better entitled to a bunch of bay?  
Where will you find a man, search east and  
west,  
Who claims so many of us as his  
debtors,  
And who so deeply has himself  
impressed  
Upon our ethics and our arts  
and letters?  
Monthly communes he with us,  
heart to heart.  
He sets the fashions for us, tells  
us what  
Is pure in current fiction, what's good art  
And what (by printing specimens) is not;  
Orders our dinner, shows us how to bow,  
Chooses our lingerie, our shirts and collars,  
Instructs us what to feed our child, and how  
To build a bungalow for seven dollars.

June brides arrange their weddings à la Bok;  
Trousseaux are all contingent on his cue;  
Gown, slippers, bonnet, stockings, stays and smock  
Are chosen from the Bokian point of view.  
The young wife leans on Bok when baby comes,  
Secure of good advice and counsel helpful;  
Young fathers turn to Bok when infant gums  
Translate a stilly night into a yelpful.

At Christmas time we do not idly stray  
Through crowded markets, wondering what to buy:  
We know just what to get for Sister May,  
For Cousin George, Aunt Jane and Uncle Si.  
Hymning that name which confidence instills,  
Fare boldly forth Annettes and Arabellas  
The country o'er, to buy for Brother Bills  
A bundle of Bok's virtuous panatellas.

Space warns against attempting to express  
All that we owe this admirable man.  
To summarize the debt, we eat, drink, dress,  
Make love and marry on the Bokian plan.  
Hail Edward Bok! illustrious L.L.D.!

"Doctor of Lingerie" though some may flout him,  
To tell the truth, we really do not see  
Just how the devil we should do without him. B. L. T.

#### CLASSIFIED.

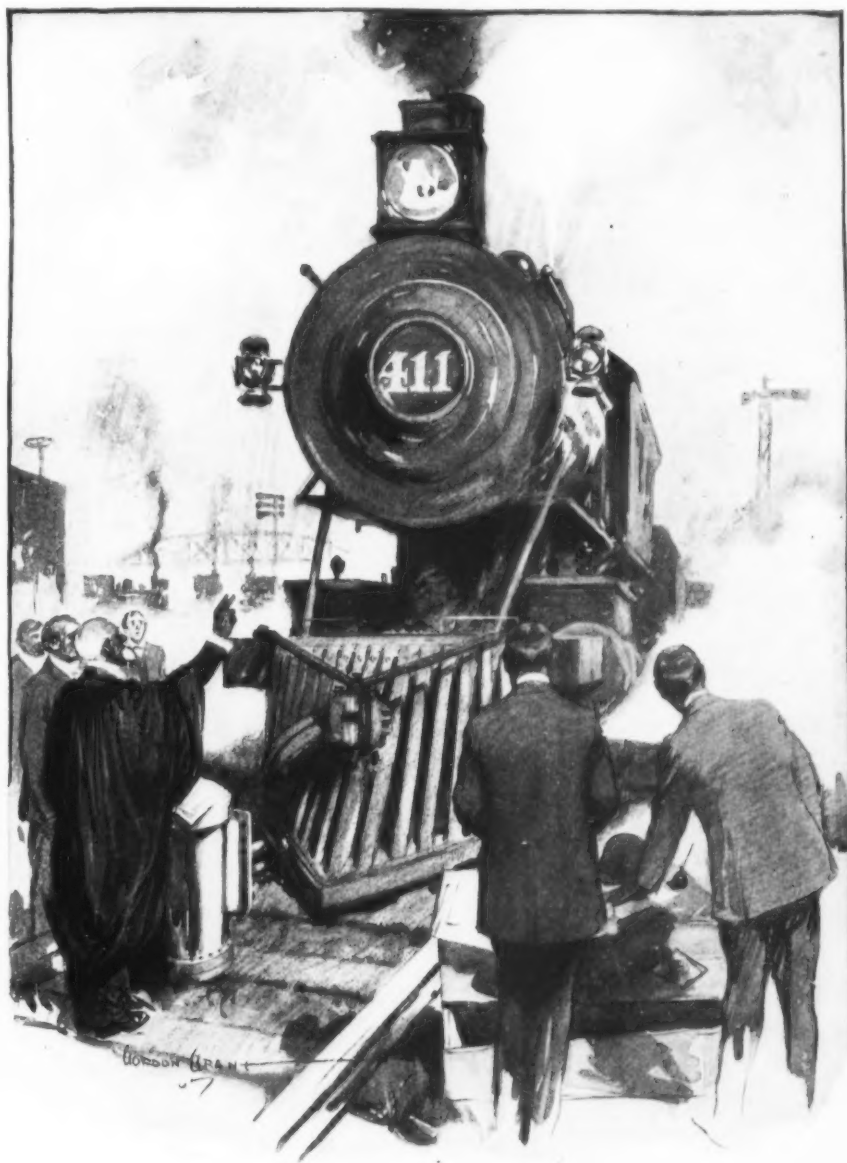
"YES, he reads the most imaginative poetry — indulges in the wildest statements — loves the brightest colors and absolutely doesn't know the value of money."  
"I see — he's an advertising man for a drygoods store."

#### CROKER.

"I'M OUT of politics," says Dick —  
"Clean out, and long have been."  
Perhaps he may be clean when out;  
He wasn't clean when in.

#### SLIGHT MISTAKE.

WE were wooing a lovely African princess.  
"Be ours," we said. "Come to the small lagoon and, underneath the moon, long we will spoon and you shall be our little pet baboon."  
Right here the Royal Guard chased us for eight miles.  
Still it was not our fault. From a careful study of the melodies of the day we had supposed that was the way they made love along the Congo.



#### A TIP TO THE FEDERAL COURTS.

FEDERAL JUDGE.—Locomotive Number Four Hundred and Eleven, you are found guilty of hauling thirty cars of freight, on which rebates had been paid. I hereby sentence you to ninety days in the Round House.

**S**uccess has turned many a man's head. In fact it's a long head that has no turning.

## PUCK



### METHOD IN THEIR MUD.

THE FARMER.—Stuck in the mud, hey? Hope ye git out all right, but I want to tell ye right now that we have poorer roads in this here county than in any seven states!

THE MOTORIST (*sarcastically*).—You certainly ought to be proud of them.

THE FARMER.—An' you bet we are! Autumobiles are almost as scarce as yellor fever musketeers 'round these parts!

There wuz nine of us poets, four women, five men,  
But a lady from York has just come, an' made ten;  
Her thoughts is quite pretty, I think, but her  
rhymes

Are exceedin'ly faulty and careless at  
times;

Whatever she writes of ain't easy an'  
free,

An' seems she wuz forcin' things  
kinder to me;

So of this opinion I don't make no  
bones:

The best of us poets is Tooterby Jones!  
*Malcolm Douglas.*

### SAD FATE.

SYMPATHISING HOUSEWIFE.—  
You say you once ran a busi-  
ness?

TRAMP.—Yes, Mum.

SYMPATHISING HOUSEWIFE.—

And where did you run this business?

TRAMP.—Into the ground, Mum.

### HIS YEARN.

"I YEAHS tell a pow'ful sight of late about dat 'ar  
smaht white gen'leman, by de name of I forgits  
what, dat's inventin' seedless apples and stoneless  
peaches, and all sich as dat," ruminatingly said old  
Brother Brownback. "Well, sah, if he was to whirl in  
and invent bulldogless watahmillions and chickens dat  
would n't holler when yo' kotch 'em by de ankles in  
de middle o' de night, w'y, lawsuzz, dat man would  
be muh friend for life! Yassah!"

### TOOTERBY JONES.

THERE'S a home that a rich, philanthropic old gent  
Established for poets who ain't got a cent,  
Where there ain't no restrickshuns to takin' your ease,

Or doin', I might say, just what you  
darn please;

Just think of it—havin' your postage-  
stamps free!

Why, it's such a soft snap that it's called  
"Arcadie!"

But we're busy, we are—there  
ain't none of us drones;

An' the best of us poets is  
Tooterby Jones.

There's Bloggs who's been  
tryin' to bring out a  
book

These twenty years past, but  
he can't get it took;

There's Scroggs who wuz  
born, poor ol' feller,  
too late,

Because in Pope's time they'd  
a' said he wuz great;

There's Mrs. McRorer, Miss Bill-  
ings that wuz,

Who's a mite to Swineburney in all that she does;

I like Raggles better, but even he owns

There's none of us poets like Tooterby Jones!

There's a genius somehow who ain't in it at all;

Just think of them beautiful thoughts he lets fall,

An' folks all around him not carin' a pin;

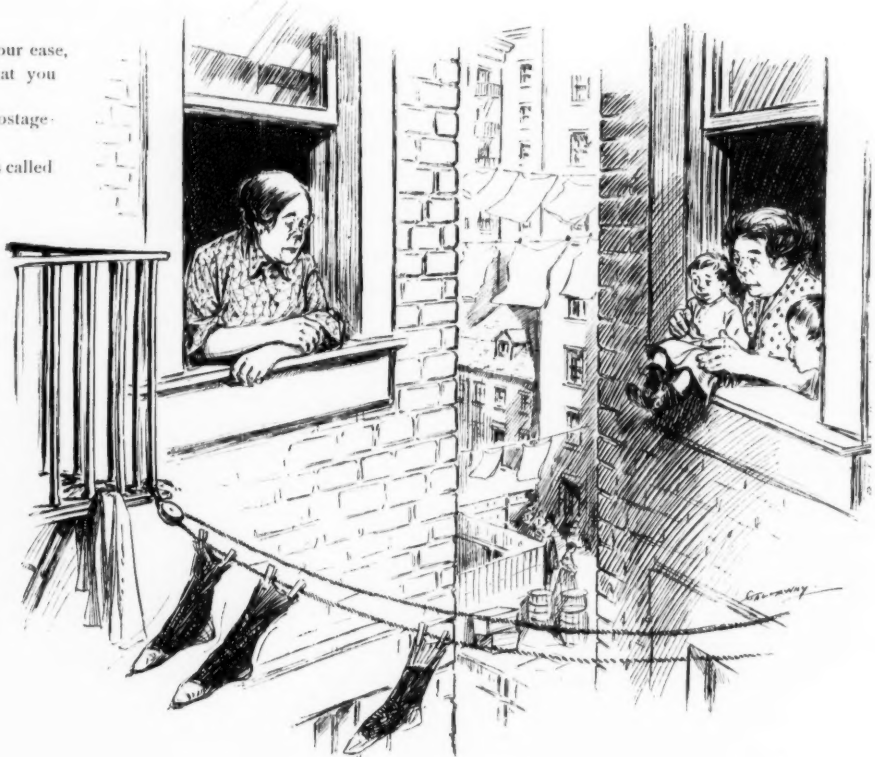
It grits him, I tell you—it grits him like sin!

I s'pose when he's dead they'll wake up an' they'll say,

"My!—he *wuz* a wonder!"—it's always the way;

But now they won't hear the mellifluous tones

That's bein' piped daily by Tooterby Jones!



### FADS AND FANCIES

MRS. GROGAN.—Have yez anny fad, Mrs. Kelly?—are yez makin' a  
collection av annythin'?

MRS. KELLY.—Well, Oi hov nine children now an' a tinth expicted!  
Is that wan?

**If Love were always to be fed on pre-disillusioned ideals, we should have  
healthier marriages.**



# PUCK



“WHY are Miss Agnes Ammidon and her remarkable play ‘The Uppishness of Gwendolen Montstrosser,’ the objects of such extraordinary public interest?” magniloquently demanded the advance agent of a certain theatrical aggregation which was threatening an invasion of the helpless Indiana hamlet of Whillerville, addressing, with a majestic porching out of the tintinnabulatory waistcoat that covered his rotundity, the prominent citizens assembled at the tavern. “The frenzied sale of seats at Lobstockburg last week, during which three arms and seven ribs were broken, was merely one of a series of such events which has everywhere attended the tour of Miss Ammidon. In Battle Creek, Mich. there was rioting; in Kalamazoo you would have thought the whole Zoo had broken loose, so great was the clamor; while Broken Bow, Nebr., every bean in town went broke on tickets. When we were in Arkansas, the students of the State University, impatient at the delay caused by a train wreck, marched in a body the entire seventy-some miles to Ft. Smith to see

the show, devastating the country as they came, so to speak, and most of the male inhabitants of that little city were sworn in as special officers to preserve order in the line of howling humanity that stretched more than a mile from the theater entrance; actually, in that one town alone over three hundred deputy sheriffs applied at the box-office for free admission! In Cooweescoowee, Oklahoma, a prominent ranchman, who had paid ten dollars for standing room, offered to double the sum for twice the amount of space, so that he might be able to enjoy the performance just that much more! And so I might proceed indefinitely. Now, why is it, gentlemen, that everywhere we meet with the same spontaneous evidences of the overwhelming popularity of our star and play?”

“Well,” replied the patent-churn man, who had traveled widely. “I s’pose that’s a conundrum, or ketch-question, or something. I saw the show over in Missouri last month, and so I’ll bite. Why is it?”

Tom P. Morgan.

“AND HE HAS USED NO OTHER SINCE.”



AS THE TESTIMONIAL PUTS IT.

“With pleasure I add my testimony to the worth of your coffee substitute. My husband had been an excessive drinker of strong coffee for years. One morning I substituted your brand and he drank it with keen relish.”



AS IT REALLY HAPPENS.

“Helenblazes! What is this I’m drinking, anyway? Boiled Hay?”



"OH, HOW PERFECTLY LOVELY!"

IT IS CUSTOMARY FOR THE JUNE BRIDE TO DISPLAY HER TROUSSEAU.



SUPPOSE THE JUNE GROOM WAS EXPECTED TO SHOW HIS.



# PUCK



THE WAY HE WILL GET IT.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY WILL CONFER AN HONORARY DEGREE ON MARK TWAIN NEXT WEEK.

## THE BIBULOUS BIBLE.

**T**HE Woman's Christian Temperance Union is attempting to reform the publishers of books, and is exerting its influence to have excluded from public libraries all books in which the hero and heroine drink or use tobacco. Good!

There is one book in special that we wish the Union would get after. It is a popular book, which falls at times into the hands of children. We refer to the Bible. The references to wine in this standard work of reference are nothing short of scandalous. We do not ask that the Bible be abolished, or even excluded from reference libraries; what we suggest is that the W. C. T. U. labor with the publishers and obtain their consent to a few trivial changes, in no wise affecting the sense of various passages, but merely sterilizing them. For example:

Esther 5:6.—And the king said unto Esther at the banquet of *unfermented grape juice*.

I. Timothy 5:23.—Drink not water, but use a little *ginger pop* for thy stomach's sake.

Prov. 31:6.—Give *egg phosphates* unto him that is ready to perish, and *raspberry sundaes* unto those that be of heavy heart.

Psalms 104:15.—And *lemon soda* that maketh glad the heart of man.

Hosea 14:7.—The scent thereof shall be as the *pink lemonade* of Lebanon.

These quotations are only a few out of many. The word wine occurs on every other page. In its present form we feel justified in calling it the Bibulous Bible and demanding its purification.

## PURE FICTION.

The French object to our pure food law because they don't want to spoil the labels on the bottles and cans.—*The Sun*.

**W**HILE Americans are without even shame. On a jar in a Gotham grocer's window is the label, "Strictly Pure Blackberry Jam." Beneath is another label announcing the formula, as required by the pure food law. The formula is, "Glucose, apple parings and artificial extract." No blackberries entered into the composition.

## DEAD ONES.

**A** CLIPPING BUREAU in New York recently addressed a communication to "F. Petrarch, in care of William Heine-mann, publisher," soliciting his patronage. "Petrarch," smilingly comments the *London Standard*, "has been dead just 533 years."

Very true. The poet died at Arquà, near Padua, in 1374. But Francesco Petrarch is much more alive than most of the authors with whom the clipping bureaus did business in—well, 1906.



## FOOLISH.

## A SWIMMING TANK.

**M**RS. LOVEJOY.—I wonder why they make so much fuss about sterilizing and pasteurizing milk.

MRS. CHILDLESS.—I can't imagine. No one that I know drinks milk punches nowadays.

## HEAVENLY HIGH JINKS.

**T**HE Pleiades in peekaboos,  
Of dressiest percale,  
By way of final touch, to make  
All rivalry look pale,  
For driving on the Milky Way,  
They docked their comet's tail.

## HER MISAPPREHENSION.

**F**ARMER HORNBEAK (*in the midst of his reading*).—Well,—heh! heh!—here's a kinda funny advertisement in the *Weekly Clarion*: The landlady of the Occidental Hotel wants "a man to wash dishes and chambermaid."

MRS. HORNBEAK (*virtuously*).—The shameless critter!



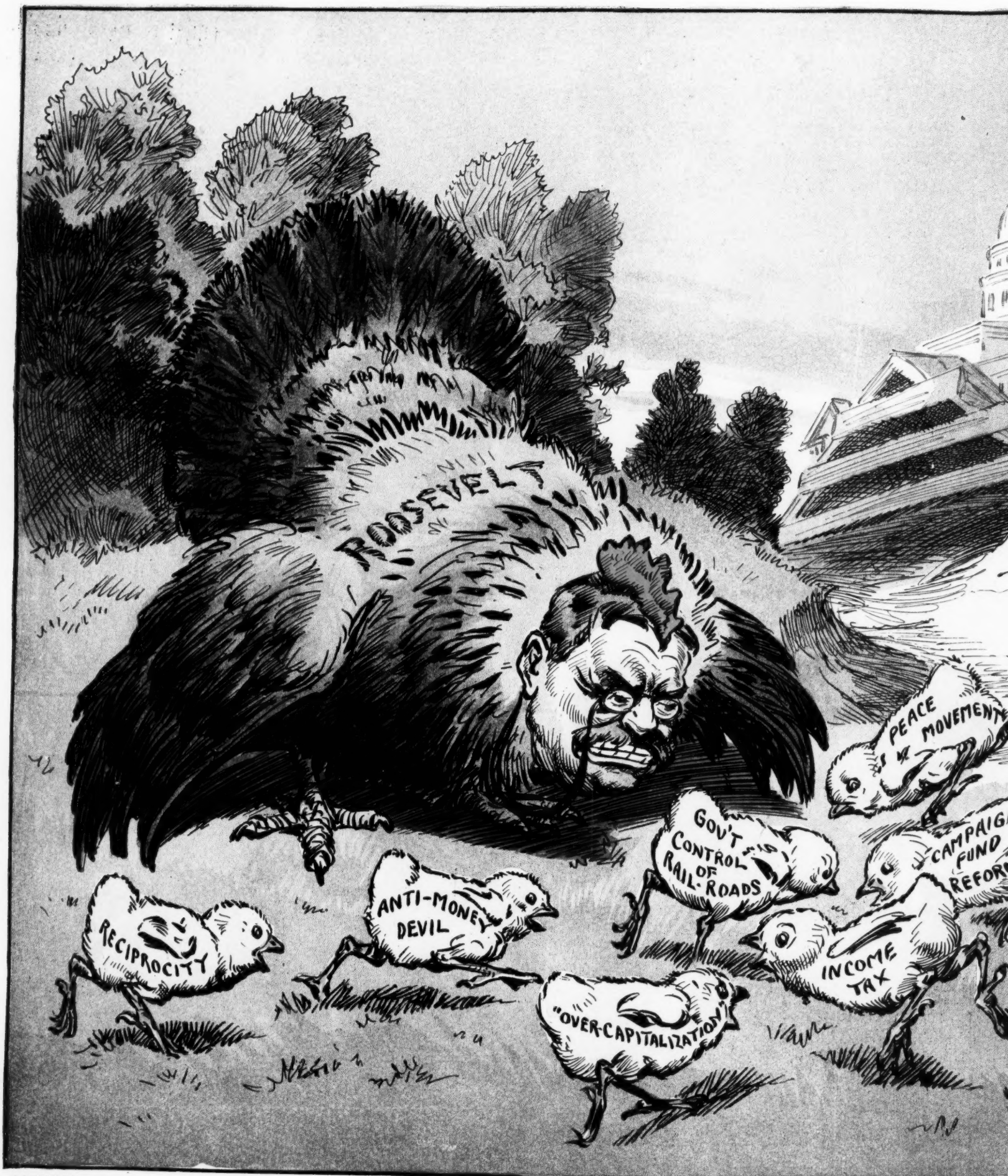
## AN IMPOSSIBLE SCENE.

**THE MAN.**—But, Madame,

I—

**MISS FLOSSIE HEYDIDDLE.**—Not a word, sir. Leave! You ask the use of my name for a soap testimonial, knowing full well that you will flaunt it brazenly in every trolley, subway and "L." car, to say nothing of the bill-boards and theater programs! How dare you propose such a thing!!

**Some people are not satisfied to point the finger of scorn. They want to poke you in the ribs with it.**



THE PUCK PRESS

THE PUZZLED  
WHICH IS MAN



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM READING ROOM.



PUZZLED CHICKS.

WHICH IS MAMA?

THE REVOLT OF THE CORPUSCLES.



**A**ll der ret und vite corpuscles dot in Owgoost Schnable stayed,  
Came a-marching to his stomach in a grant, but mat,  
parade;  
Dey vos making some conventions, for to atvertise  
their griets,  
Und to draw a strong resolvings, vot would bring dem  
some reliefs.

Ven der gang vas all assemblaged, up rose liddle Heinie Ret:  
"I vas here from Owgoost's ear drums, fellow corpuscles,"  
he said,  
"Und I want to know der reasons for dot singings in der ears —"  
From der croxt came lout der answer: "Dot's from forty daily peers."

Looney Vite, he representing sixteen veins in Owgoost's leg  
"You can plame your troubles, Looney," criet der peoples, "on der  
keg."

Meppy nineteen speagers followet, meppy der vas 'lefen more.  
Wow, der place vas in some riots till a old mans got de floor.

"Fellow corpuscles," he shoutet, "ve can plame id on der peer —  
Owgoost trinks up sigsty parrels in der course of one shord year —  
Yah, id keeps us all a fighding, in der tay und in der nighd,  
Knocking oud der sickness micropes; keeping Owgoost Schnable  
righd.

"Bud ve'd petter stop complaining of der ofertime, I guess,  
For dot vork is our lifes missions, don't it, ain't it, gomrades, yes?  
So, vile Owgoost trinks der lager, led us stay right on der chob,  
Showing all dose sickness micropes dot ve vas a scrappy mob."

Vell, dey put it to a votings, und der answer, it vas "Yah!"  
So der telegates vent homevarts mit a choyous tra, la, la;  
Efry one of dem decisioned, choost as you and me should do,  
Dot, ven up against a tuty, sit tight, poys, und see id drough.

Charles R. Barnes.

AN ARDENT WOOER.

"I ISN'T gwine to 'low dat 'ar young Judson Johnson to come  
pesterin' round my house no mo'!" determinedly said old  
Brother Binger to a friend. "He's too blamed inflammable; dat's



IN THE PROHIBITION TOWN.

NEW RESIDENT.—Goodness grief! What's the old man doing  
with a clothes-pin in his mouth? Does he think he's smoking?

UNCLE DANIEL (the store keeper).—S-sh-h! Them is prime  
clothes-pins, made right here in our own factory, an' Si knows fer a  
fact that the shellac on 'em was mixed with real alcohol.



OR LOST HIS SPEED.

THE BOLD ONE.—You say you like base ball? Why, I  
used to play base ball. I pitched for my college team.

THE COY ONE.—Did you? Well, I'm sure you never  
had a glass arm.

what's de mattah wid him! W'y, loogy, sah!—for de  
last two weeks he's been proselytin' round muh daughtah,  
tryin' to dissuade her to marry him. Long's he reduced  
hisse'f to argymunt and evolution dat was all right,  
uh-kase dese yuh lady-folks, young or old, is all so  
coy and skittish about such mattahs dat yo' has to  
blindfold 'em wid yo' ellerquence and back 'em into  
mattermony—Uck-yas! Been dar, muhse'f, and  
knows de whole riggy-marole; done had no less'n  
fo' mighty fine wives in muh time—but when he  
took and lammed her head ag'in de wall in awdah  
to rectify her mind and den chased her round and  
round de house wid a razzah, uh-hollerin' dat he  
couldn't live widout her, w'y, it 'pears to me dat he's  
a heap too 'thusiastic in his 'fections. Dem folks  
dat is so pow'ful voluminous right in de beginnin'  
don't last long—dey gits over it dess as quick. If he  
comes uh-domineerin' round yuh ag'in I'm gwine to hahm  
him. I can make all 'lowances in de world for love's young  
dream, as dey calls it in de stories, uh-kaze I's been dar, muh-  
se'f, as I says befo', but dat sawtah puhseedin's ain't a dream;  
it's a night-mar', and I's sho' gwine to wake dat young gen'lman  
up if he instigates any mo' o' dem dar heroisms around muh resi-  
dence. Yassah!"

Tom P. Morgan.

THE NEW KIND.

VISITOR.—What lovely children! Mr. De Ivorce's by a former  
wife, I understand. How old were they when she died?

MRS. DE IVORCE.—She isn't dead. You see, I'm a sort of  
a grass step-mother.



# PUCK



A NICE LONG SMOKE.

THE MONK.—Had 'em made special, hey. What's so special about that cigar?

THE OSTRICH.—The length. The end of it is somewhere down around my Adam's apple.

## THE CRITICAL TRAVELING MAN.



GOOD? Oh, I s'pose it's a pretty good show for Madison, but you ought to have seen it when it was in New York. You get that little girl on the right end? Yes, the one with the electric lights on her parasol. Well, I used to know her when she played for the first time in "Nancy Brown." Good-looking? Oh, she ain't nothing to what she was when I used to take her out to suppers four years ago in New York.

But there ain't anybody on the stage that's any good no more. Mansfield's no good. He was all right till he tried this Ibsen play. Why, I told him it wouldn't go. There was a crowd of us at the bar in the Holland House one night and Dick—that's Mansfield—begins to tell the bunch that he's going to put on this Gynt play. Milky in the filbert about it, you know.

"Why, Dick," I says, "what's the use of picking up some Swede to write a play for you—you know Ibsen wrote this Peer Gynt for Mansfield—why don't you try Clyde Fitch again?"

"No," Dick says, "I'm sore on Clyde and this guy Ibsen has made me a pretty fair play and I don't see no reason to throw it down."

Well—I told him, and everybody told him, but he would put it on and there he is—on the bum. I like Dick, but I'm glad he got a lemon. I could have told him that a Scandahoovian couldn't write an American play.

Annie Russell—who's Annie Russell? She never played but one good thing in her life and that was—that was—when she brought out that "Heart of Maryland" and swung out on the bell. She always wears a red wig, you know. She thinks it's some kind of a charm. Yes, I hear she was in Shakespeare this year and I hear she done all her work on wires—say, wouldn't that make you color-blind? I think it's the limit, damfidoon't.

Marlowe and Sothern? Say, you don't really think they're good, do you? Why, when I saw them in New York this winter I thought I'd have to go out before the first act was over. Bad?—why,

I never saw anything so rotten in my life. All these ghosts, you know, and that dope. Why, there wasn't a good song in the whole piece and I didn't see Sothern get a laugh all the way through.

Nope, the stage is to the bad right.

Nobody's any good that acts nowadays, and there's a line of shows that would make you weep to think of paying American money for 'em.

But say, there's one show that's really good—yes, really good—"The Prince of Kakiak." Best thing in years: good singing, good dancing, good music—and funny!

Why, I pretty near tumbled off my chair listening to that comedian. You know, he's got the rest of 'em backed so far off the boards that it's a shame to compare 'em with him. Why, he's the real article. Personal friend of mine, and I know the leading lady, too—Dottie LeClair—and she's a peach. You take it from me, that's the best show in the country to-day: "Prince of Kakiak"—a Comic Travesty in two acts. If you happen to be in New York when they're there you stick your head in the box-office window and ask for Ed and you tell Ed that George sent you and he'll hand you out the best two seats in the house.

Horatio Winslow.



## RIDDLE OF H. DUMPTY.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,  
Which was built up of tariffs, wonderful tall,  
And as often as people dared asked about that  
He raised a campaign fund and made them stand pat.  
And so Humpty Dumpty kept his feet in the trough,  
And all the king's oxen could n't make him come off.

## THE CHANGED STANDARD.

BILLBOARD.—Did you look over those advertisements I prepared?  
CIRCUS MANAGER.—Yes, and you'll have to prune 'em down. They read like a lot of book notices.



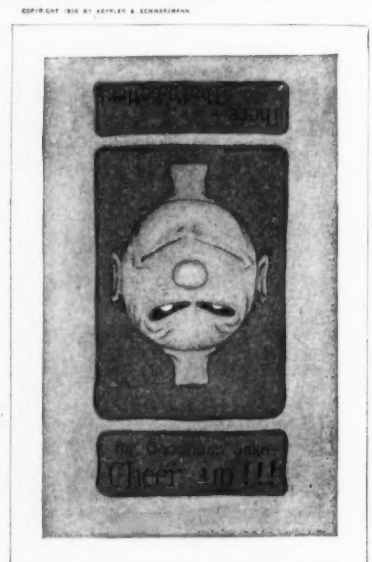
## JUST BEFORE VACATION.

THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD VALEDICTORIAN (to her equally aged classmates).—One last word, dear friends, ere we part forever. We are going out to-day to battle with a cruel world. The path will be rough and full of pitfalls. Temptations from now on will assail us at every hand. Clouds will gather, but amid the dread responsibilities of our new life, let us be earnest, let us be steadfast, let us, etc., etc.

**Nothing is so disgusting as an obstinate man, especially where he proves to be in the right.**



**CHEER UP!!!**



**CHEER UP!!!** Photo Gelatin Print, 9 x 12 in.  
By Leighton Budd. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Get a copy of this popular print  
and **MAKE HOME HAPPY.**

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS.  
Send Ten Cents for new Catalogue with over  
Sixty Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, New York.

295-309 Lafayette Street.



It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
taste, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or  
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-  
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

# White Rock

**"The Champagne of Waters"**

AND THEN THEY KISSED.

"My face is my fortune, sir," said the pretty summer girl.  
"And mine is, too," said the handsome summer man. "Let us put our  
fortunes together."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*



**SHE DIDN'T LOSE MUCH.**

**THE REV. MR. D. CENTER.**—On account of the rain and slim  
attendance, the sermon will be postponed.

**CONGREGATION.**—Well, I have walked two miles to hear a  
sermon.

**MR. CENTER.**—No matter. It's one I preached in your town  
six months ago. I remember your countenance.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a brace  
should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in an  
ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

**HARDLY.**

"It is not a sign that a girl is economical just because she cuts down the  
number of candles in her birthday cake," remarked the Observer of Events  
and Things.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**COURTEOUS CONSIDERATION.**

"Do you ever talk back to your wife?" asked the solicitous friend.

"Sometimes," answered Mr. Meekton; "a very little; just to show her  
that I have not gone to sleep."—*Chicago Daily News.*

**VERY CLOSE.**

**CHURCH.**—Did you ever try any of these "close to nature" methods?

**GOTHAM.**—Well, I've used a porous plaster!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

In Kansas they are selling post cards with the address of President Roosevelt  
printed upon them and a request that he run for another term. With one  
hand tied behind us we could name several eminent gentlemen who will not  
waste any money in buying one.—*Washington Post.*

A MAN is really to blame for ever making a mistake about anything when  
he has a sixteen-year-old son always ready to advise him.—*Somerville Journal.*

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Is it such a wonder it  
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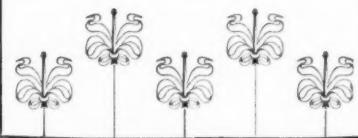
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### IT TASTES JUST THE SAME.

"You say you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?" asked the lawyer.

"I was, sir."

"Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

"I don't know what he call it, but I took what the rest did."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

### NO FIELD FOR HIM.

"Saw the preacher yesterday, and he says he's going to run the devil out of town."

"He's too late," said the woman of the house, "John left yesterday!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ONE pair in the front parlor beats three of a kind.—*Chic. Daily News.*

### A MATTER OF TIME.

"I understand that you have relics of the war for sale," said the southern tourist to the little towhead.

"We did have," replied the boy, "but they done bought us out, an' the swords dad buried last week won't git rusted 'fore summer."—*Atlanta Constitution.*



### TEN TWENTY TRAGEDY.

COUNTRESS OF MUCKCROSS.—Thus perishes th' l-l-last of a dastard r-r-race! (Between her teeth). Say, Jimmy, give another last dyin' convulse, will yer? You're on me train!

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

### APPREHENSIVE.

"Has your boy made any progress in his studies?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornloss; "he's doin' so well in his studies that I'm kind of afraid he's neglectin' his tennis an' horseback ridin'."—*Chicago Daily News.*

### THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

TEACHER.—How long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugurated?

SCHOLAR.—I dunno, but it hasn't been very dead since Teddy has been there!—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

METHUSELAH may not have lived 999 years, but in those days things were so dull that it must have seemed that long to him.—*Washington Post.*

WHEN perfect pleasure and thorough relaxation are the aim, and nothing but the finest accessories are in keeping with the occasion, the discriminating smoker chooses

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### THE SCAPEGOAT.

The poor commuter with despair  
Observes the railway's tricks.  
He's merely fined an extra fare  
When anybody kicks.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

SOME PEOPLE think that if a girl has money it doesn't make any difference whether she is pretty or not, but the homely girl who has money knows better.—*Somerville Journal.*

ABOUT all that some men are good for is to pose as horrible examples.—*Chicago Daily News.*

### DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch. Pay one-fifth on delivery. Balance in 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today. LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. F 50, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

IF IT is really "broadening" to travel, as people often say, perhaps that accounts in part for Secretary Taft.—*Somerville Journal.*

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### BASEBALLITIS.

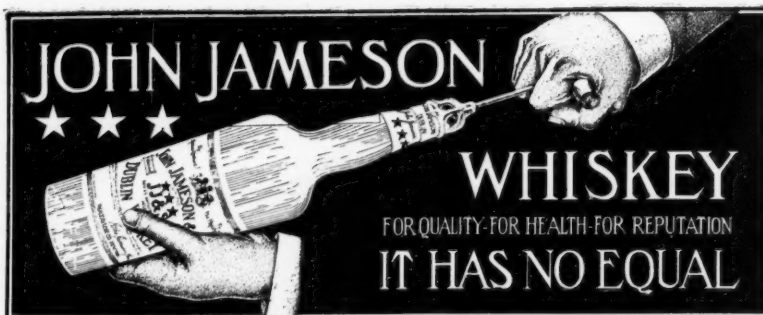
To-day I'm feeling pretty sick,  
I'm feverish, I guess;  
My tongue, I see, is coated thick,  
It may be biliousness.  
There is a weakness in my back  
That makes me rather lame—  
Sciatica—a new attack—  
And then there is the game.

My head is aching like to split;  
I'm crazy with the pain.  
For any work I am unfit;  
It's too much of a strain.  
To-morrow I may be all right.  
Of course it seems a shame,  
But I am in a sorry plight—  
And then there is the game.

I think I'll have to telephone  
The office right away  
And tell them, with a plaintive moan,  
I can't be down to-day.  
They may not like it very well;  
I'm sick, though, just the same;  
And then, again, the truth to tell,  
I've got to see the game.

—Chicago Daily News.

A STATE OF FRENZY.—Almost any  
country south of Mexico.—*Harvard  
Lampoon.*



### SURE ENOUGH.

"Bridget, I believe you're in love; you're so forgetful."

"Nonsense, ma'am. How could I be in love and me a married woman?"

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BANDMASTER DUSS says it takes real technique to play the bass drum.  
Our observation has thought us that it also takes a pretty good knocker.—  
*Washington Post.*

ON THE whole, it is just as well that the man whose automobile has broken  
down doesn't expect sympathy from every one who passes by on foot.—  
*Somerville Journal.*

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society woman tells of the warm-weather pas-  
times of the rich; an article describing and il-  
lustrating "Country Mansions," and another  
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### JUST THE THING.

HENRY.—I hear tell ez how President Roosevelt plays  
croquet reg'lar at that Oyster Bay place of his'n.

SILAS.—Yesiree! With all his 'ficial duties, he's got to  
do somethin' to keep up his health.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

### AFTER A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

"I hear your son, Hank, wants to go to college?" said the  
constable to the farmer.

"Yas," replied the hayseed, resting on his hoe; "he wants  
to learn to play baseball, and he says he doesn't have time to  
learn on the farm."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CLARA (to her fiancé).—I declare, Charlie, you took those  
words right out of my mouth.

HER LITTLE BROTHER (in great glee).—Oh, mother, I know  
now what Charlie was doing when Sis let him in.—*Harvard  
Lampoon.*

It is reported that the government is preparing to crush the  
coal trust. After that it will simply be a case of ashes to ashes,  
dust to dust.—*Washington Post.*



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I love to hear the circus band,  
Its music is so gay.  
It has a boundless repertoire,  
And plays it twice a day.  
From Wagner down to "Ooley-oo!"  
Its faculty extends,  
And twice a day it plays right through  
Till the performance ends.

Its ceaseless industry deserves  
A warm encomium,  
Alike for him who toots a horn  
And him who beats a drum.  
Year after year the players blow,  
Their ranks are never thinned,  
And every year my wonder grows—  
Where do they get the wind?  
—*Somerville Journal.*

### FORGETTING AN INJURY.

CHURCH.—I like to see a man who can forget an injury.  
GOTHAM.—Well, there's that neighbor of mine; he's suing the railroad  
company for an injured leg, and every once and a while he forgets to limp! —  
*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I HAVE very little of interest to add to this," said the bank clerk as he  
put two cents on the five-dollar account. — *Harvard Lampoon.*



NO SOONER SAID THAN —

THE EXPLORER.—Now, if I only had a little company, I'd be perfectly contented.

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TRUE.

"You mustn't interrupt me when I'm  
talking, Ethel!"

"Why, that's the only time I can  
interrupt you, Mamma!" — *Yonkers  
Statesman.*

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GUESS WHO!

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# When Patience Picks the Peas.

HOW MANY times we read in verse such funny things as these:  
 When "Sally Sings," or "Winnie Walks," or "Sara Sails the Seas;"  
 When "Tessie Trips," or "Dora Dips," or "Polly Promenades,"  
 Or "Laura Laughs," or "Eva Eyes the Evening Everglades."  
 If poets write and people read such funny things as these  
 Why shouldn't some poor poet pen "When Patience Picks the Peas?"

Out in the garden 'mongst the corn and beans and beets and all,  
 Where grows the parsnip, peach and punk' and pigweed rank and tall,  
 There stands a princely row of peas all podded up to par,  
 And Patience may be seen each day 'neath papa's Panama.  
 A-picking, picking pecks of peas, performing peacefully  
 Her pleasant pastime, picking peas, a peerless picture she.

She pokes her pinky finger tips amongst the pale-green vines,  
 And picks the peas and puts them in her pretty pan that shines;  
 A perfect picture Patience is, pursuing peacefully  
 Her proud position picking peas; her parents' pride is she.  
 'To me those other poems pale compared to lines like these:  
 When pretty Patience putteth out to pick her parents' peas.

Joe Cone.

